

Good Evening

By Bide Dudley

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Lucky Willum!

THE teacher kept me after school.
A half a hour to-day.
She says at 3: "The rest kin go.
But Willum Jones, you stay.
You stuck Pete Taylor with a pin.
An' that's against the rule.
I'll have to punish you for that.
I'll keep you after school."

The other kids all grinned at me.
As they went up the aisles,
They thought that I was pretty
sore.

But I set there all smiles.
You see, our teacher, Miss McGee,
Is young an' pretty, too.
So I like stayin' after school
With her, an' so would you.

I think she's mighty doggone nice.
She's only twenty-three.
I never hurt Pete with that pin,
I bet she's stuck on me.
Some day when I get big I guess
I'll ask her to be mine.
I don't mind stayin' after school.
In fact, I think it's fine.

OBSERVATIONS.

Do you understand this strike of
Jewish butchers? Kosher don't.

It is announced Yale has a record
roll. Always heard it was a wealthy
institution.

Marriage by radio is illegal in New
York, but people seeking divorce are
permitted to air their troubles.

Those Wellsville girls who have
formed The Forty Club wish us to
state that the name refers to the
number of members.

Of course, children need punish-
ment occasionally, but was it right
for a Harlem mother to make her
nine-year-old son, who had slapped
his sister, read the President's mes-
sage clear through?

Praising Us.

We delivered a lecture on "Humor"
in a nearby town the other night,
and so far have received three let-
ters praising us for it. One enthu-
siast writes:

"I heard you talk here and could
have stood half an hour more of it
if necessary."

The local paper's comment was:
"Those who missed the Dudley lec-
ture last night missed a treat. Little
Mamie Pinckney sang."

TELEPHONE LOVE.

(What Has Gotten Before—Mary Dingle,
a very cute girl, gives up her job as a
telephone "central" to go out and see
life. She and her Chinese maid, Abba
Dabba, go to a restaurant, but soon
leave the place because the printers are
not fresh. They meet their first disap-
pointment when Mary tries to buy a
dead rat from a small boy who needs
money to get his mother a shotgun. The
boy asks too much for the rat, so Mary
and Abba Dabba go to Hollywood with-
out the treasure. There they meet a
man. Let us see what follows.)

Mary and her maid left the
palatial home of the picture di-
rector and strolled down the
street. As they turned a corner,
Mary noticed Abba Dabba had
something under her coat.

"What you got, Abba?"
In this peculiar manner Mary
asked her maid what she was
hiding. Abba produced the hid-
den article. It proved to be the
sign reading:

"Do not spit on the floor or
walls."

"Why did you steal that from
the palatial home of the picture
director?"

Mary was asking her.

"Well, gal, I thought as how I
wanted a souvenir," replied the
Chinese maid.

Mary was perturbed. She did
not believe in signs.

"Why did you not steal a cus-
tor?" she demanded, her face
flushed like a red, red rose.

The maid did not reply. So
she hailed a taxi.

"This a taxi?" she asked
slyly.

"Sweetie!" The driver
Mary hit him over the
head with the sign.

"Drive on, please," she said.
A mule was seen approaching,
followed closely by a coal wagon.

"I wish I could get a horse-
shoe off that mule's foot, for
heck," said Mary. Abba Dabba
did not reply. She was in a
reverie.

It all seemed so absurd.
(To be continued.)

NUTT'S DOPE.

"Dear Dad," writes Jefferson
Shrawsbury Nutt, now in Bogash,

KomeOne, Kome All

By Neal O'Hara.

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KRISTMAS is coming. Why not
send us \$10, along with the
name of a friend, and give
him a year's subscription to the
Kluek Kluek Klan? Present it to him
on Kristmas morning and tell him
Kris Kringle left it for him. It will
kneel him to kdeath.

Every agent that signs up ten kus-
tomers for \$100 kash is entitled to be
called an Imperial Klown. If you kan
kollect \$1,000, you are a wizard, im-
mediately on receipt of the koin.

The Klan is the greatest money or-
der ever known. It will take any-
thing from a kronen up.

According to the Klonstitution, a
sheet and pillow kase are the official
kostume, although in kolder klimate
you kan wear a twilt. If you think
politics makes strange bed fellows,
join our klan and see what bed clothes
kan do.

The official raiment for our enemies
is a simple design of ktar and feath-
ers. "Ktar" is pronounced "ca-
tarh," as in coughing spells.
Our official song is "Beautiful
K-E-Katy." Sent postpaid in any
key on receipt of the kash.

Our official cheer is:
Kekity-X, Co-X, Co-X,
Kekity-X, Co-X, Co-X,
O-op, O-op, Kale.

Rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah,
Rah, rah, rah,
KALE, KALE, KALE!

Every X in the cheer is a \$10 bill.

Our membership embraces a large
kollection of knuts and Kongressmen.
We specialize in large kollections of
anything.

We stand for 100 per cent. profit
and Americanism, strictly in the order
named.

We are stronger for the flag
than George M. Kohnan.

Our motives are whiter than
kalsomine.

Our hearts are 18-karat gold.
Et ketera.

Every member of the lodge holds
down a title, beginning in a modest
way as Keeper of the Kuspidor and
working up, according to merit and
kondukt, until he becomes Imperial
Keeper of the Klondike.

Konscientious klanatics sometimes
go up the skale by leaps and bounds,
in the manner of the kangaroo.

The job of Keeper of the Klondike
is a very desirable kniche to occupy.

In addition to accepting kontribu-
tions to the kause, we also kommer-
cialize the sale of sakred water in tin
kans direct from our private kreek.

We also sell to members who are
faithful and trusting a weekly publi-
cation that is better than Sha Ke-
spere and funnier than Mar Kivian.

That constitutes a koncise outline
of what we are and what we aim for.
Kome be a member of the Klan.

Don't say Kniez.

Join and bring in your kith and kin.
The kost is only \$10 per kapita.

Sign the kupon.

We want the next census of the In-
visible Empire to be 50,000,000 at \$10
a throw.

That will make \$500,000,000 in the
invisible treasury.

The receipts will go into the invis-
ible grip.

That will be the psychological mo-
ment for the treasurer to become in-
visible too.

The buck privates will be left with
the invisible empire.

In other words, they will get the
open air.

Become a klanatic now!

O, "I and the wife have decided
to launch the International Asso-
ciation of Four-Leaf Clover Clubs,
with her as National President and
I as Chief Organizer. Every
town and city in the United States
will have a branch, and in the
spring all the members will be
expected to go out to the lawns
and fields and hunt for four-leaf
clovers. Each club that finds
1,000 will be given a banner of
victory by the parent lodge in
New York. The dues will be \$1 a
year per member, and all money
will be sent to me. We ought to
get 100,000 members. Each branch
club will have a ladies' auxiliary
singing society, and I and the wife
intend to make 'Send Dudley to
the Chair' the official club song.
Then when your Presidential cam-
paign gets warm, we kan call all
the auxiliary clubs together and
have 50,000 women sing the song.
The wife will lead it if her voice
is in harmony that day. To start
the club here we need only about
\$11. Better send check. Four-
leaf clovers always did fascinate

JOE'S CAR

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



LITTLE MARY MIXUP

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



FRITZI RITZ

A Hat Will Cover Up Lots of Things!



KATINKA

Ferdie Should Have Looked Up the Dictionary!



me—didn't they you? Constable
Pelee Brown tried to arrest a man
here yesterday for winking at a
woman, but the man said his eyes
had some kind of affection and
hit Pelee in the nose. Much ex-
citement, but could learn nothing.
—Jeff.

AND NOW PERMIT US

To inform you that the police
hope to break up that Staten
Island gang of burglars soon.
They have pinched a man named
Pleg and expect him to squeal.

COULDN'T BLAME HIM.

An excited middle-aged woman
rushed into a police station and
accosted the inspector on duty.
"Where's my Joe?" she demanded.
"Beg your pardon, madam—dog, I
presume?" said the officer.

"Don't you dare to presume nothing
of the kind," snapped the woman.
"Dog, indeed! No, sir, husband—my
husband. He's missing, disappeared,
decamped!"
"You don't say so!"
"But I'll have you to understand
that I do say so. How dare you sit

there and contradict me! I'll report
you, sir. Do you hear that? I'll re-
port you! Where's my husband?"
"My dear madam!"
"How dare you call me your dear
madam? Do you imagine I came here
to be insulted? I tell you my hus-
band has decamped, and you sit there

like a dummy. What do you think of
that?"
"Well, madam," replied the inspec-
tor, "I haven't the pleasure of your
husband's acquaintance, but I should
say he is a very wise man. Officer,
show this lady out!" —Chicago
Herald.